

"And then I'm going straight to Mrs.

First to Higgins' Mrs. Sucher went,

where she took possession of a remark-

ably pretty and uncommon gold bracelet, a tiny old-fashioned watch and the min-

lature. Then to Moore's, where she left

the bracelet, the watch and the minia-ture. Then to Mrs. Sprague's.

As Mrs. Sucher entered Mrs. Sprague's private and individual sitting room she heard a whisk and rustle of skirts and a

door closed behind a rapidly retreating

figure. "Lilla not well?" said Mrs. Sucher

with an incredulous laugh. "Too bad.

be generous," said Mrs. Sprague.
"I am generous. I give my time and labor to help other people give presents.
That brings me to the object of this visit.

Can you keep a secret?"
"Yes," said Mrs. Sprague, "and I am
burning with curiosity. So make haste
and tell me."

"You were with Randolph Watts when

"You promise not to tell her?-to keep

he ran away from Lilla yesterday. How

it for three days? Very well. You see, he wants to give her a bracelet he had

made for her, with a very pretty motto on it in enamel. Then he wants to give

her a beautiful little watch that belonged to his poor mother, and he has had a lit-

behind the watch. First he took the

"Oh, then you know?"

Sprague's."

"Are you?"

and the stendy sweep of the centuries

Then a giad New Year, this my earnes

Lilla's Xmas Presents.

in at the door with a gust of wind and a drift of snow. Then, having kicked a pair of snow encrusted overshoes into a corner of the hall, Miss Lilla run upstairs in a hurry.

"So here, mother," said Lilla, "it's all over here, mother, where, mother, moth ILLA SPRAGUE seemed to blow

"What, dear?" Mrs. Sprague asked, looking up absently from a letter she was

"It's all over—I say, it's all over between Randolph—ch, what too—foo-fool I've been!" And she flut herself, solbing, on a big horsehair sofa.

"But why, Lilla?" "Don't ask me like that, mother. Don't!

I've told you before. And this this is the sec-sec-second time. Oh!" More don't understand you, daughter,"

said her mother, leaving her batch of Christmas correspondence and going to carry comfort to the tragic figure on the horsehair sota. "He's run away again!" Lilla roared.

"Done what, dear?"
"The same as he did before."
"What did he do before?" "Mother, I told you, day before yes-

terdsy -tan away from me. He thought I didn't see him." "Mr. Watts ran away from you?"

"Yes, mother, and I'll never speak to him again. Day before yesterday he at least had the politeness to bow. This time he just turned and went down a side street. He was with that frump of a cousin. I just hate her, and him, and the whole lot." "Don't be foolish, child. Mr. Watts

will be here to explain it all. You'll see."
In answer to this Lilla only rose from the sofa, grimly took off her wraps and but, muttering: "Yes, I'll see," and dis-appeared through a door that led to her

Mrs. Sprague did not follow her daughter with any further attempts at consolation, neither did she guess what Lilla was going to do, and that was to write a

Dear Sir—In case you may wish to make any explanation of your very strange conduct on two occasions this week. I wish you would spare yourself the trouble of doing any such thing, either personally or in writing. Your ring shall be returned by mail, registered. "LILLA SPRAGUE."

That little projectile which Lilla fired at her flance very nearly ended the life of Randolph Watts; at least

OH, IT'S NO USE NOW, COUSIN MATTIE." watch to Moore's. That was the day he ran up against Lilla, when he had the whole package in his hand, and was afraid she would ask him, and ran. Yes-tarder was taking me to hold at wonderful brace-

hapter to discover how it turns out. You do not thank anyone for telling you the plot. It is so with life. There is infinite satisfaction in each day's contribuanticipate it. It would be a curse if anyone could tell you just what the year would bring. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the year will be happy as that? Are we not in the hands of God? That is the reason for a happy New

THE DECORATIVE HOLLY. Wreaths of Its Glossy Leaves Wover



UCH of the Christman timent ls due with its bright erries and glossy leaves, is one of the most decorative greens used at the Christmas orm, the color

being more satis factory than when made of the evergreen. Strange as it may seem, hun-dreds of holly wreaths are sent out to the cemeteries, their green and red rightness signifying the loving remer brance for dear ones passed away—yet somehow a little incongruous even from a sentimental standpoint. One is so apt to associate holly with crackling wood ires, rollieking jollity, good eating and drinking, and other material enjoyment that in memoriam it seems a trifle out of place; yet in the poem of that name read: "With trembling fingers did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth." So that the holly has before its present vogue in cemeterles been asso-

lated with the memory of those no long Betanically speaking, the holly is a genus of trees and sarubs of the natural order Aqui foliaceae, chiefly natives of emperate climates, with evergreen, leathery, shining and generally spinous leaves. The common holly, the only European species and a native of some parts of Asia, also is a well-known ornament of woods, parks and shrubberies in Great Britain, the stiffness of its habit being n the south-in parts of its geograp range; often appearing in the fo tree of considerable size

A LOCK OF HAIR.

JUNE KOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKO

you about?"

smartly on the knee.

"What other woman?"

"Where is she now?"

"A woman in my watch?"

"No. no. The lock of hair."

"In your watch."

"Is this it?"

theater.

Lothario."

court?" be asked.

"Huh!" grunted Smollett.

"Divorcel" said Charlie, in a

"She saw that lock of the other wom-

mean to say my wife has been to see

most commonplace, not to say plainest. "See here!" Smollett arose in his they remain in its vicinity this ex-looking of mortals, a respected member might, selzed Paget by the shoulders traordinary craving endures. They of the board of trade and a thorough with no gentle force and seated him in know that to give way to the craving

lett was inordinately jealous. Lydia got it in her foolish head that Abram was spending more time in his chral voice.

office than he ought, and became fright. Smollett si fully Jealous of the typewriter, whom she pictured in her own mind as a siren of unlimited power over the other sex.

tering the keys of the machine, and the only woman on the premises was the whatscrub woman, of whom even Lydia could not be jealous.

Smollett is as methodical in his habits as a well-regulated town clock. On a an's hair in your watch-" certain day every spring he leaves off "The other woman!" gasped Smollett, fiannels, and on a certain day in the fall he puts on overshoes. Once in every two years he has his watch cleaned at the jeweler's. The time for renovating his chronometer cam around lately, and Smollett left it with a jeweler on Broadway, in the shop-

Stocks were rather shaky about that time, and he had to be at his desk early and late to watch matters. He couldn' find time to go around after his time piece, and its absence was always bothering bim, for he had to depend upon you?" church clocks, a French mantel clock that was never known to be right half a day at a time, or his wife's chatelaine, and was always missing cars and being ate at appointments.

So dear Lydia, with the best of inter tions, found the jeweler's ticket and went herself after the watch, saying nothing to Smollett about it. When she presented the ticket to the jeweler, he looked at it and then at her. "This is a gentleman's watch, miss."

Lydia blushed prettily. "Oh, yes; it's my husband's," she said. He brought it from the safe and said: "I think it's all right, ma'am." He snapped the case and opened the back of the watch to look at the works. As he did so a tiny lock of hair slipped out smart, don't you?" returned Smollett. upon the show case.

The jeweler glanced at it and then at Lydis. Her hair is a golden brown.

The lock which had dropped out of the niously.

had seen the lock of hair, but he, out of the goodness of his heart, tried to shield fied till you know it all," growled Smolthe victim, He closed the watch with lett. "That lock of hair was—" out putting back the hair, and started to pack the timeplece in a box. "You have forgotten something," said

Lydia, in a hard voice. "I beg your pardon."

"You have forgotten something," she repeated, pointing to the yellow lock, fled?" which he had sought to hide with his

"Oh, that?" said this blessed Ananias. a bit of hair a customer of mine wanted detection in the character of "a gay me to put in a locket for him-"I saw it drop," said Lydia, with a

calmness that quelled the jeweler's glib tongue. "Put it back in the watch." forget business for a few hours in the years of age. Robert Browning pubsociety of his charming little wife, lished "Paracelsus" when he was 23, found in her place an iceberg.

waited long enough, the other fellow was 28, and after he had written much could read it like a book from below, would show his hand. So after dinner be retired to the library with his paper. It published a book containing some of the was 28, and after he had written much could read it like a book from below, and that was the thing we wanted. When the railroad people found out

She soon appeared, but a glance at her 16. face assured him that there was little placed a box upon it. "There is your watch."

time to go around for it." She made no comment, but watched after middle age, he was a writer of they had only let that sign stand it him take it out, snap it onto his watch verse in his undergraduate days. chain, and slip it into its accustomed

tragically, and as the hurricane of tears burst she ran from the room and shu herself into her own apartments again Poor Smollett was thunderstruck. He vants were greatly in evidence, to gain to a town where he was not known, he audience with his wife; but she would not open her door and he spent the night on the wouch in the library and went down town the next morning in a most bewildered state of mind and an empty state of stomach.

Lydia's actions so worried him that he could not keep his mind on his busiso compensated by the abundance of its ness. He was irritable and generally branchlets and leaves as to make it one fractious, and the red-headed young of the most beautiful evergreens. It is men suffered accordingly. About noon though Britain is nearly its northern limit. It attains greater size and displays twinkled, but his manner was solemn. The dog was rester luxuriance in the northern than the courtest parts of its recognition. See here, Abram, he said, "what's tlents were. hose Who Handle the Drug Drawn Al-

most Irresistibly to Swallow It.
"Just now we are engaged in the they may only overcome the temptation to put it in their mouths by great force of will power.

C about Abram Smollet to suggest the gay Lothario. He was the business man. I don't suppose any a chair. "This has gone for enough," means death almost instant and horwoman except Smollett's wife ever he said, in a passion. "Explain your rible, and as a consequence are usually looked at him twice, and yet Mra. Smolwords. What has my wife been to see able to resist the strange temptation, but during the last ten years we have the drug four of our most intelligent Smollett simply wilted into his chair. and steady workmen have committed

"Ever feel like enting it yourself?"

Smollett drew out his timepiece. He gradually grew calm. He opened the West Adams street was called up about back case and the yellow lock fell into 12 o'clock by a tremendous ringing at his hand. He looked from it to Paget. | the door bell. He rushed down stairs "That, I presume, is the fatal evi- citement, who grasped out:

"Run, quick, doctor-that little house But Smollett withered him. "Do you across the street—my husband—poison -suicide."

heavily. But in the afternoon he was utes," said the doctor, "and turned the seen driving with his wife in the park women out of the room and shut the and later they occupied a box at the

Paget dropped in on him a day or two "Has the divorce been settled out of "Now I suppose you think you're

"Well, I'm always glad when I can bring families together instead of sep-arating them, if there isn't any money The jeweler was a wise man; he was "Huh!" grunted Smollett.

"And in this case the evidence was ing her husband's bills. The husband For information, rates, etc., call on the property of the married himself. He glanced slyly at so dend against you. Any woman could returned it with the suggestion that, as any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. Lydia. Her eyes were flashing and a so dead against you. Any woman could returned it with the suggestion that as have made a perfectly clear brief out of his wife had summoned the medical Portland.

> "Oh, I don't suppose you will be satis-"Yes?" said Charlle, with interest. "Was Lydia's. Her hair has grown a was a child of 6. Her father gave me

good many years. Now are you satis-"Yes," said the lawyer, slowly. "But was Lydia?" And then he barely escaped with his "I guess you're wrong, ma'am. That's life to tell the rest of us of Smollett's a gang of us traveled over the country

that lock and I've carried it-well, a

Succe-ses Gained in Early Life. Although most authors do not achieve He obeyed; she paid his bill and swept distinction until they reach middle age, regally from the store. That is why many cases are on record where young It was easy enough to let down a lad-Smollett, going home that night after a men have done able work. Dickens peculiariz wexing day, and longing to wrote "Pickwick" when he was 21 to say nothing of the immature "Paul-Smollett was puzzled, but made no ine," written when he was 21.

The "Defense of Guinevere" was who was an aesthetic sort of a gent change in the weather. He wished he given to the world by William Morris from Boston, and he tried for nearly a had ordered James to light a fire in the when the author was but 24. Coventry month to get it off, letting down Chinagrate. She stood beside the table and Patmore was already a contributor to men with scrubbing brushes on poles, many leading magazines when, at the but they only made it all the brighter. age of 21, his first book was printed. At last he got some brown paint, "Oh, thank you, my dear," said the Lord Tennyson's early efforts are well about the color of the rocks, and smear-unsuspicious Smollett, "I'd never found known; and although Oliver Wendell ed it out, but it took at least a dozen Holmes did not win fame as a poet till coats and cost a heap of money. If George Meredith wrote "The Ordeal place in the left breast pocket of his of Richard Feverel" before he was 31; and Robert Louis Stevenson won his

"You beast! you brute!" she cried, first success when 28. An Artful Trick.

Some years ago, a traveling French doctor was in the habit of employing tried, in a sneaking way, for the ser an ingenious artifice. When he went pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer a reward of five hundred francs to whomsoever would bring it to him.

doctor, as well as his place of residence. glass. They then, on either side, took He soon became the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a far of a few moments his wife said mous physician has come here, a very clever fellow; he must be very rich, found as a native plant in Scotland, al- Charlie Paget, an old friend and a good for he offers five hundred francs for negative to a second and a third in-The dog was never found, but pa-

CYANIDE'S DEADLY ATTRACTION

making of tons of cyanide of potasslum," said a member of a firm of manufacturing chemists, "and of all poisons this, to my mind, is the most dangerous, because of a singular quality it posesses. It is in appearance so very attractive to those who handle it that they are often selzed with an almost overwhelming desire to eat it. To one man it probably suggests sugar, if he have a fondness for saccharine substances, and to another snow newly fallen, but to both it is so alluring that

"The very men who make it and who been engaged in the manufacture of Charlie leaned forward and tapped him suicide in this way."

"That's it, Abram. The poor child asked the reporter.

"Yes," the manufacturer replied. has put her case in my hands; but I scent upon the office, however, she begged her to let me see you before we found a long-legged, red-haired boy bat- began drastic measures—" "Many times when in contact with the cyanide fumes, and I have had to leave Smollett's face was pitiable. "How— work precipitately in consequence. So well is this curious fact known in all "How did she discover your infamy?" works where cyanide of potassium is demanded Charlie, without compassion. made that there are always two men at work together, and a jar of ammonia, which is the antidote to the poison, is kept at hand."

JOKE WAS ON THE DOCTOR.

Answered an Emergency Call and Is One night recently a physician on to find a woman trembling with ex-

The doctor hurried over and found a burly fellow rolling about on a bed and groaning as if in terrible pain. His "I prevailed upon her to go home and wife and three other women—his two wait till I had seen you," said the law-ger, chuckling wickedly.

daughters and a sister-in-law—were crying and wringing their hands crying and wringing their hands. Smollett put on his hat and did not There was a bottle on the table labeled appear in the office again that day. "Poison" and half of the contents were much to the disturbance of certain stocks in which he was known to deal "I sized up the situation in two min-

"Now, what do you mean by this?" I said, giving the fellow a good shaking. "Oh, nothin', doc," he said sheepishly as his groans subsided; "jest foolin' the women folks."

It developed that the supposed suicide had come home drunk the night before and that his wife had remonstrated with him. And now there is a bill to pay. The doctor sent it first to the cific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande wife, and it was returned with a brief line, from all points in Oregon, Wash note to the effect that she wasn't pay- ington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Sign Painter's Trinmph "What was the hardest job I ever tackled, did you ask?" said the sign good bit darker than it was when she painter to a New Orleans Times-Dem ocrat reporter. "It was an 'ad' for smoking tobacco I painted on the side of the Grand Canyon on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. I was working for a Buffalo concern that had a contract to put up 5,000 landscape signs for a tobacco company, and looking for good effective locations This place in the canyon was as tough a proposition as any sign writer ever went against. The side there went straight up about 200 feet, and at the

top there was a big overhanging ledge. der from above, but on account of the ledge it hung at least forty feet out from the face of the rock. 'After studying it over for a while crisp, electric mountain air to produce I spliced a couple of fishing poles together and fastened a soft sponge to the end. That was my brush, and by lying can picture the majestic grandeur of Smollett's was a waiting game. He alter is better than "Atalanta in Calyways went on the theory that, if he don," and it was published with he ways went on the theory that, if he don," and it was published wifen he very decent plece of work; at least, you & Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado. 124 Third Street, His theory was again proved correct. her prettiest poems when she was only shat I had done they were as mad as blazes, especially the chief engineer,

would have been a great addition to the canyon."

Merely a Question of Spelling. He was the engineer of an ocean lines and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity com ing up, he indignantly combated the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it, and, leading him The crier took care to mention all to a window, told him to pull up his the titles and academic honors of the sleeves and place both hands flat on the a firm grip on his wrists. At the end

"Don't you feel a pain, Willy?" "No!" he replied, and returned a like

At this third response most of the company began to laugh, and it sud-denly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the Rame.

A Good Fire Kindler. one of our outings to the moun-s we secured a quantity of very rich the which made such good kindwood that when it was gone the way of whittling shavings seemed Company usatisfactory, and we set out to something better. Pouring kero-on makes the fire start quickly, but have a prejudice against being ned alive. After various experiments and stand the halves on end in the until the bottom is filled. Then ene enough over them to wet I, so that half an inch or less

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is a heroine to her hired

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His Misfortune. Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you

think you can remember it? Bobby Smart—Yes, ma'am. "Now, what was Milton's great "He was a poet."-Columbus (O.) State Journal.

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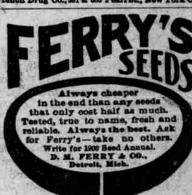
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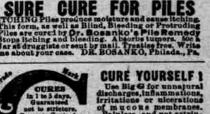
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